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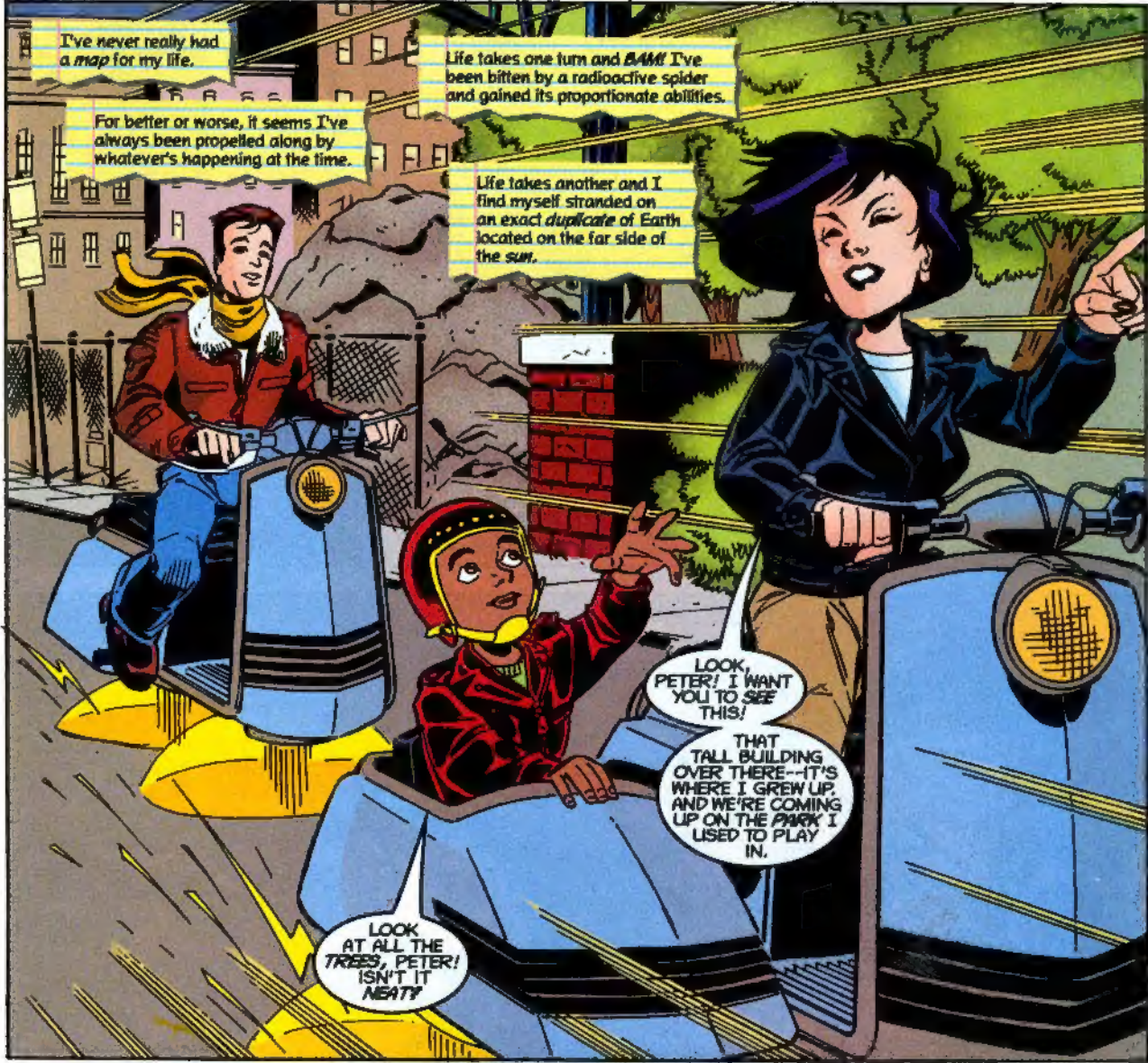
SPIDER-MAN UNLIMITED



TENTACLES DEATH!

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I've never really had a map for my life.

For better or worse, it seems I've always been propelled along by whatever's happening at the time.

Life takes one turn and BAM! I've been bitten by a radioactive spider and gained its proportionate abilities.

Life takes another and I find myself stranded on an exact duplicate of Earth located on the far side of the sun.

LOOK, PETER! I WANT YOU TO SEE THIS!

THAT TALL BUILDING OVER THERE--IT'S WHERE I GREW UP, AND WE'RE COMING UP ON THE PARK I USED TO PLAY IN.

LOOK AT ALL THE TREES, PETER! ISN'T IT NEAT?



There are days when I curse my life for the wild ride it's got me on...

...but sometimes, without even noticing...

...I'm taken in by the scenery.

HURRY UP, PETER! MOM SAYS YOU'RE LAGGIN'!

SHAYNE--!



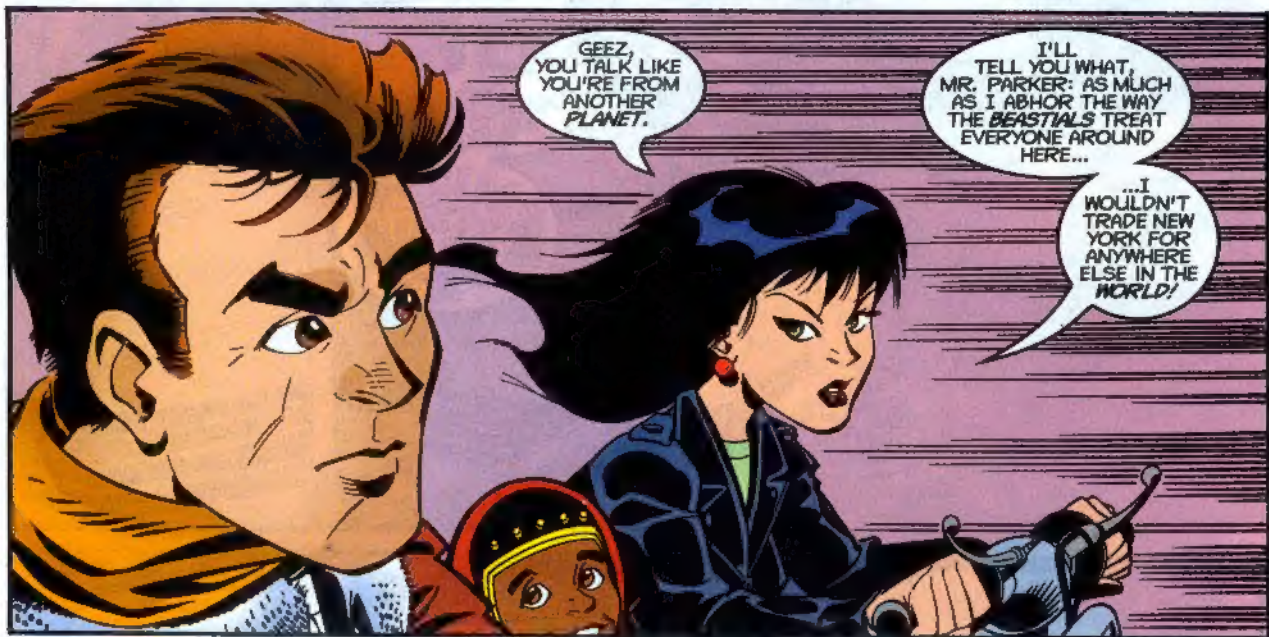
YOU LOOK SURPRISED BY ALL THIS, PETER.

IS IT REALLY THAT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT MANHATTAN HAS A FEW RELATIVE GOOD POINTS AMID ALL THE BAD?

OR DO YOU JUST NOT GET OUT MUCH?

I DON'T KNOW, NAKKO. I GUESS I JUST HAVEN'T SPENT ENOUGH TIME GETTING TO KNOW THE WHOLE CITY.

AFTER ALL, SOMETHING LIKE A PARK DOES STAND OUT AGAINST THE RELATIVELY STARK CONFINES OF THE BASEMENT.



GEEZ, YOU TALK LIKE YOU'RE FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MR. PARKER: AS MUCH AS I ABHOR THE WAY THE BEASTIALS TREAT EVERYONE AROUND HERE...

...I WOULDN'T TRADE NEW YORK FOR ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD!

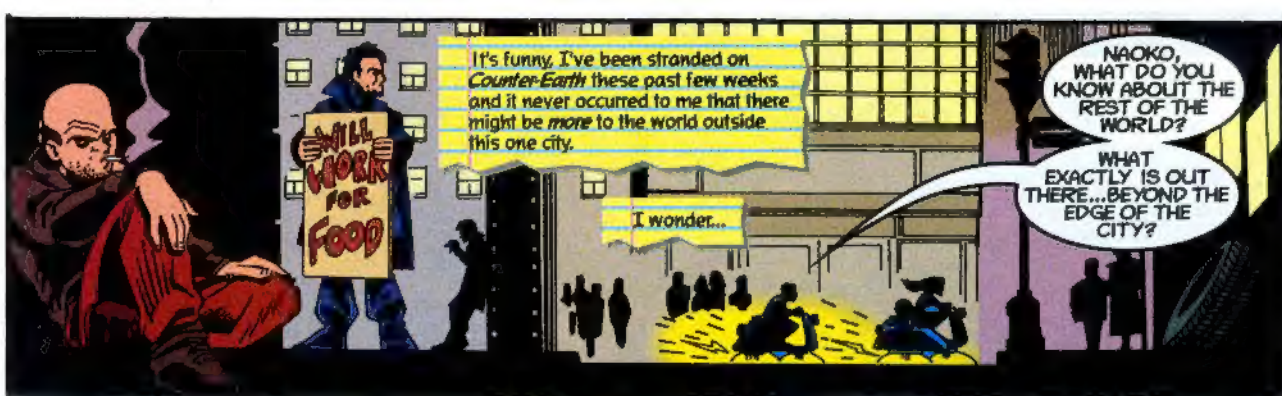


WOW... ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE...

...WORLD...?

Of course, there are times, too, when I think I'm making some serious headway...

...only to find myself confronted by yet another detour.



Life can be a strange trip, all right.

Especially when no one will help you to navigate.



If you're like me, though, you
don't let that stop you from
getting behind the wheel.



At a demonstration on Radiology, high school student Peter Parker was bitten by an irradiated spider from which he gained the arachnid's incredible abilities. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his great powers in the service of his fellow man, because he learned an invaluable lesson: With great power must also come great responsibility. Now, having been transported to the planet called Counter-Earth in search of astronaut John Jameson, Peter must learn to survive on a world fraught with alien peril!

Stan Lee Presents:

SPIDER-MAN
UNLIMITED

WHAT LIES BEYOND THE EDGE OF MANHATTAN?

WRITTEN BY ERIC STEPHENSON

PENCILED BY ANDY KUHN

INKED BY HARRY CANDELARIO

LETTERED BY SHARPEFONT & PT

COLORED BY MARK BERNARDO

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SUPERVISED BY BOB HARRAS



A NICE IRONY, TALKING ABOUT TRAVELLING, WHEN FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, I'M TRAPPED HERE.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M SUDDENLY SO EAGER TO GET OUT OF THE CITY AND EXPLORE THE REST OF THIS COCKAMAMIE WORLD.

I CAN'T GO HOME, BUT I CAN TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF THIS PLACE.



KIND OF LIKE A RAT IN A--

WELL, LOOKY WHO I FOUND, ALL DRESSED UP WITH NOWHERE TO GO!

WHA--?!



OH, COME ON--DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR OLD PAL, THE GREGARIOUS GREEN GOBLIN, ALREADY!

NO, NO. YOU JUST STARTLED ME IS ALL.

YEAH, I KNOW.

I SAW YOU SWING OVER HERE AND I WAS TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON YOU.



SO, WHAT'RE WE UP TO TONIGHT, DEAR BOY?

TAKING SOME TIME OUT TO BROOD AFTER MIXING IT UP WITH THE BIG, BAD BRUTE?

READ ABOUT THAT IN THE DAILY BYTE. YOU'RE NUTTIER THAN I AM FOR TANGLING WITH THAT BRUISER!

YEAH? I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T HAD A RUN-IN WITH HIM. IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN AROUND.

ACTUALLY, SPEAKING OF GETTING AROUND-- HAVE YOU EVER BEEN OUTSIDE THE CITY?

*LAST ISSUE.
--BIG, BAD RALF





WOULD YOU THINK I WAS CRAZY IF I TOLD YOU I WASN'T FROM THIS WORLD?



OKAY, I GET IT--THIS IS PAYBACK FOR SNEAKING UP ON YOU, ISN'T IT?

WELL, LET ME KNOW IF THIS JOKE HAS A PUNCH LINE, BECAUSE I--



I'M NOT JOKING, GOBLIN.

I CAME HERE HOPING TO RESCUE AN ASTRONAUT FROM MY WORLD AND WOUND UP STRANDED ALONG WITH HIM.

THE SYMBIOTES WE ENCOUNTERED WHEN WE FIRST MET ARE FROM MY PLANET, TOO.*

*BACK IN ISSUE #2, --MEMORY-MAN MAC



HMM.

IF VENOM AND CARNAGE ARE YOUR PLANET'S NUMBER ONE EXPORT, I'M NOT SURE I'LL BE BOOKING PASSAGE ANYTIME SOON.

THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY MY KIND OF PLAYMATES, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

I WASN'T THRILLED TO FIND THEY'D SET UP SHOP HERE, EITHER.



HEY! IF YOU REALLY AREN'T A LOCAL BOY...

...THEN YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE AN I.D. CHIP!

WELL... YEAH. DIDN'T WE START OFF WITH ME TRYING TO MAKE THAT POINT?




SO I'M A LITTLE SLOW SOMETIMES-- SHOOT ME.

WHAT I'M GETTING AT IS THIS, THOUGH: WITHOUT A CHIP, YOU'RE CAPABLE OF LEAVING...

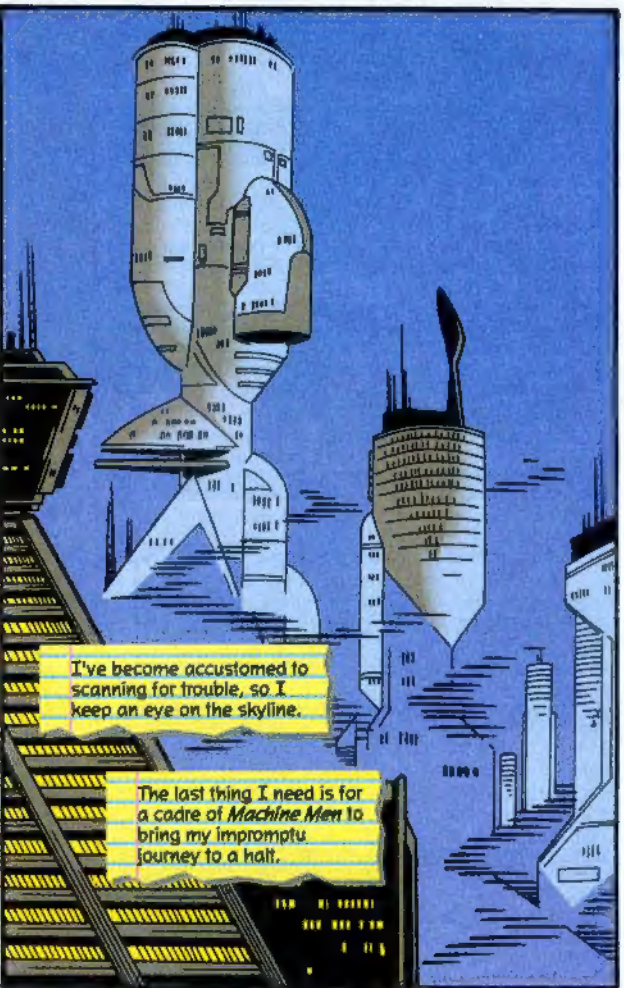
...AND THAT, DEAR BOY, MEANS YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S LURKING OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS FOR YOURSELF!

COME ON!




And with that, things
kicked into *high gear*.

Maybe the Goblin really hadn't
been outside Manhattan before,
but he knew enough about
sneaking around to give me an
overview of several potential
exit routes.



I've become accustomed to
scanning for trouble, so I
keep an eye on the skyline.

The last thing I need is for
a cadre of *Machine Men* to
bring my impromptu
journey to a halt.



Fortunately, that's a concern
that dissolves in the night
as I glide along en route
to...*what, exactly?*

That's the thing about *life*. Every
now and then it sends you down
a *side road* or a *dark tunnel*...

...with only the *vaguest*
idea of where you're
hoping to *arrive*.

It's a wonder we ever
get anywhere at all.

WOW, THE
GOBLIN REALLY
KNEW WHAT HE
WAS TALKING
ABOUT!

I
DID
IT!
I
MADE IT
OUT OF THE
CITY!



RIGHT.
I DID IT.

NOW
WHAT, SMART
GUY?

THE
GOBLIN DIDN'T
HAVE MUCH TO SAY
ABOUT WHAT
TO EXPECT OUT
HERE.



HIS MAIN ADVICE WAS
NOT TO LINGER TOO
LONG AROUND THE
EXIT TUNNEL.

THAT
MAKES SENSE.
MACHINE MEN PROBABLY
PATROL THIS AREA
REGULARLY.

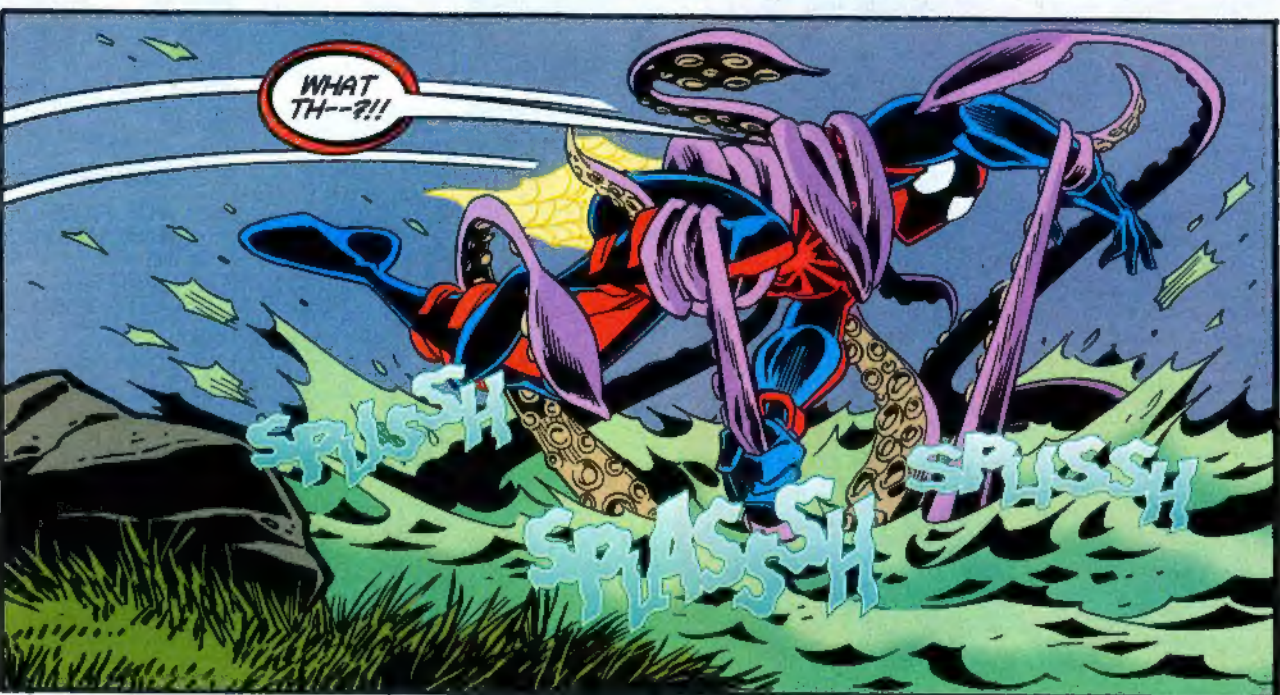


HANGING
AROUND IS
PROBABLY
TANTAMOUNT
TO COURTING
SERIOUS...



...DANGER?!

MY
SPIDER-SENSE,
IT'S--

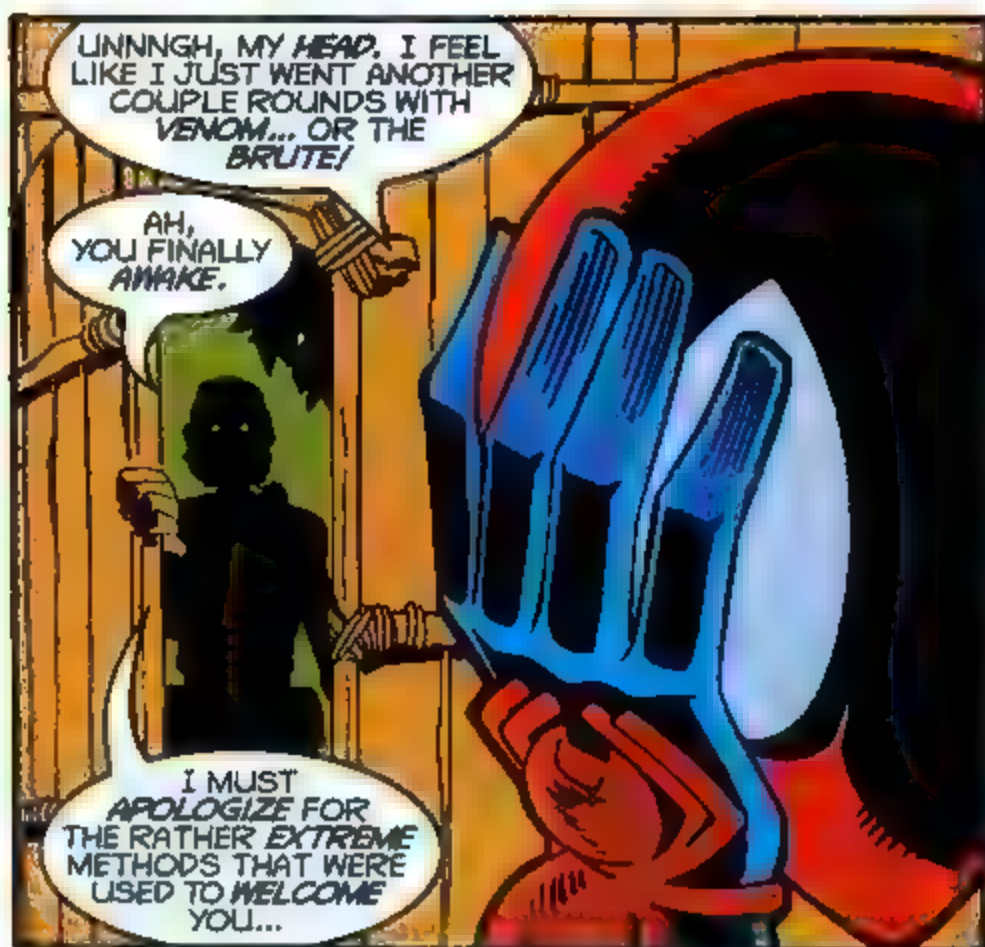
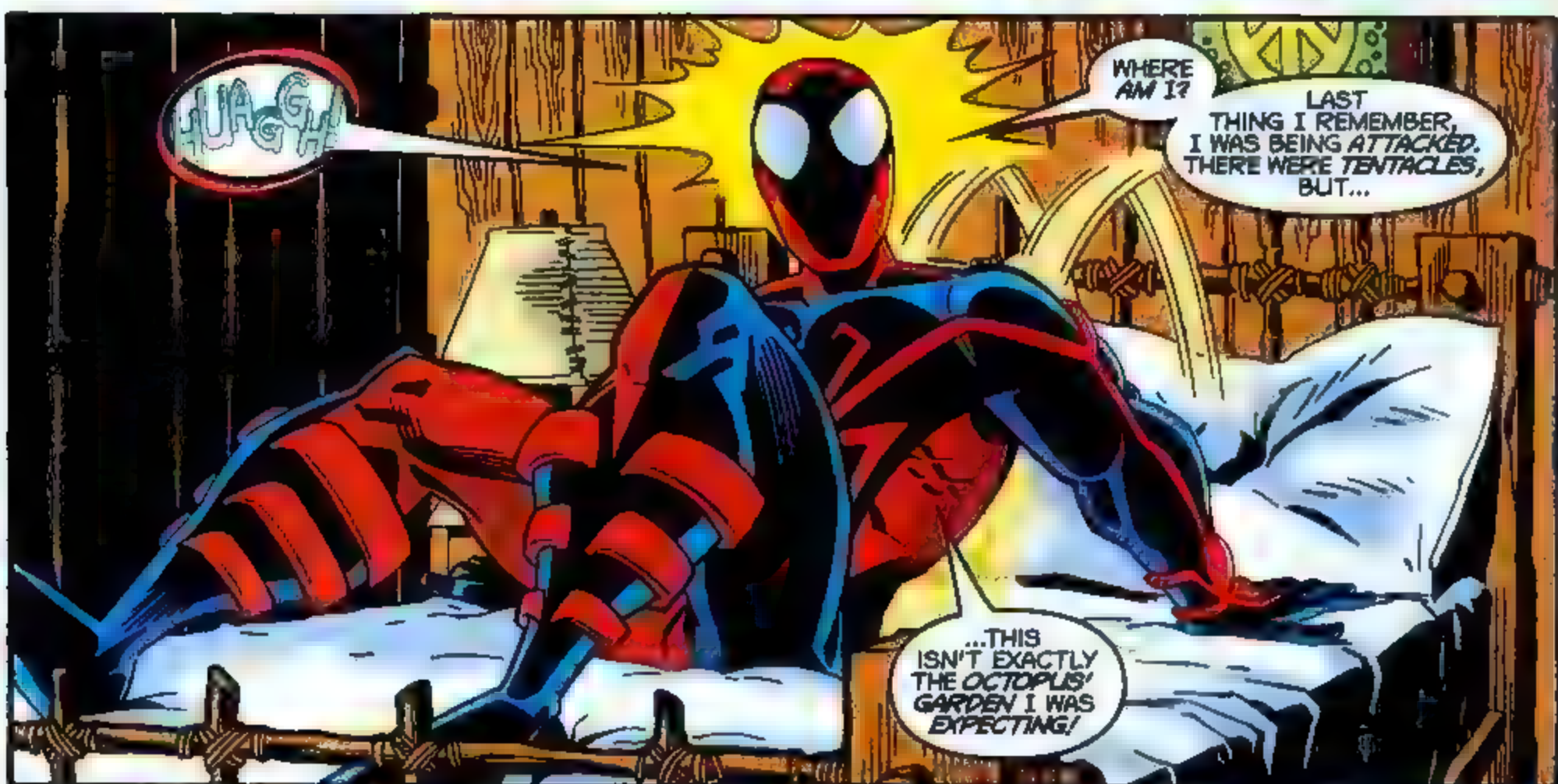
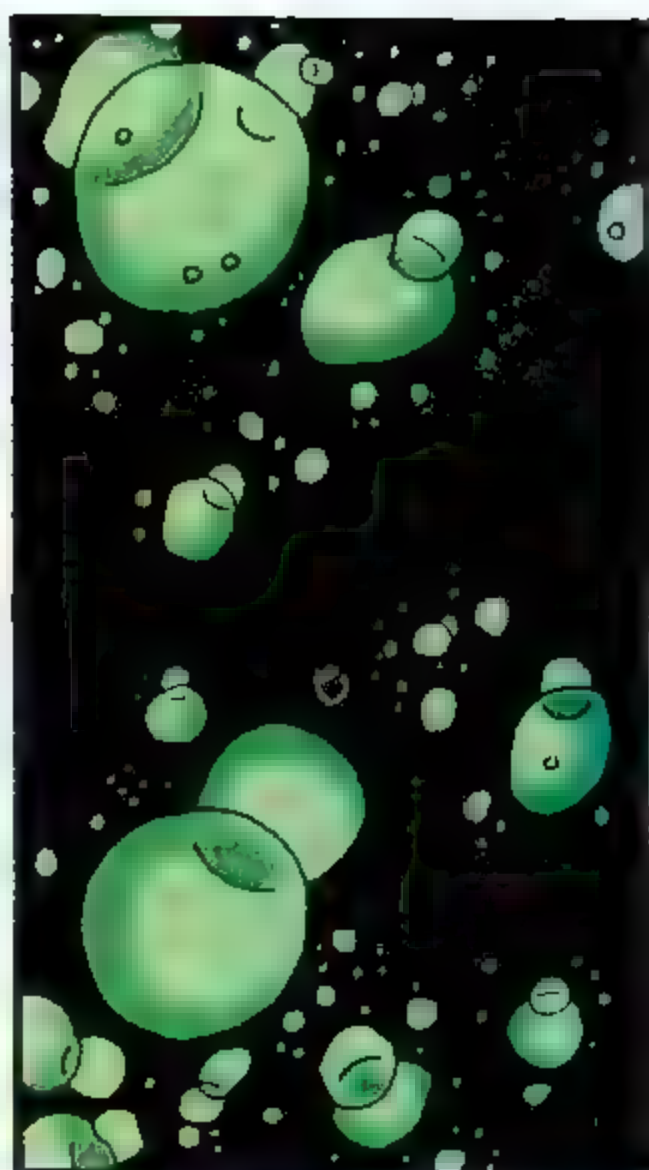
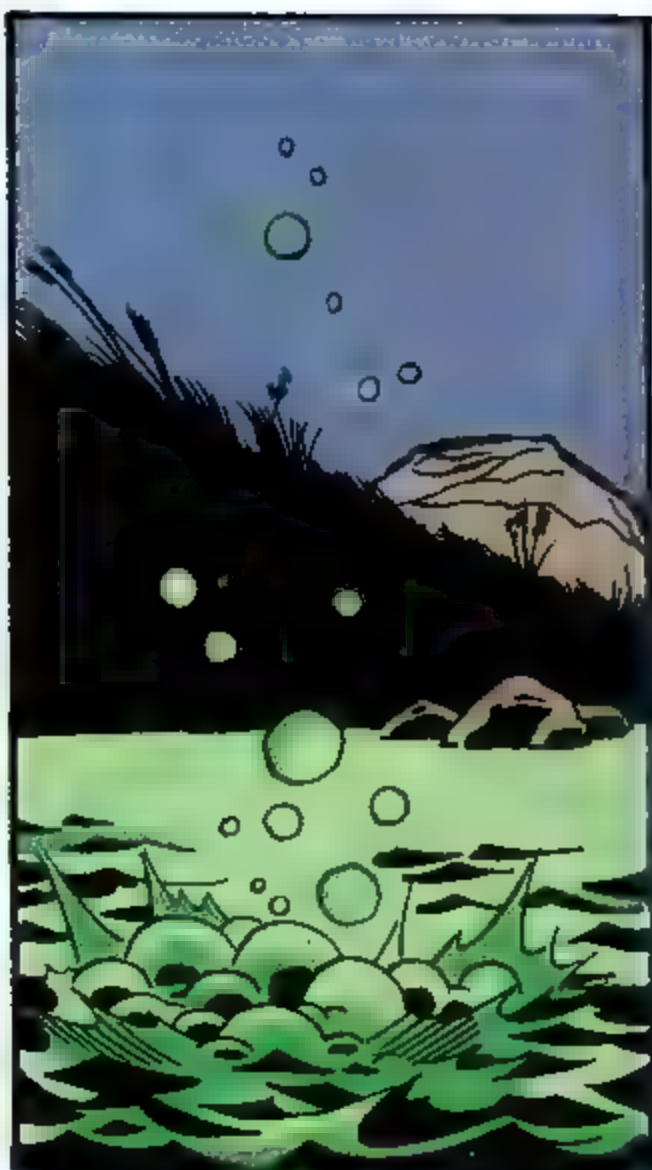
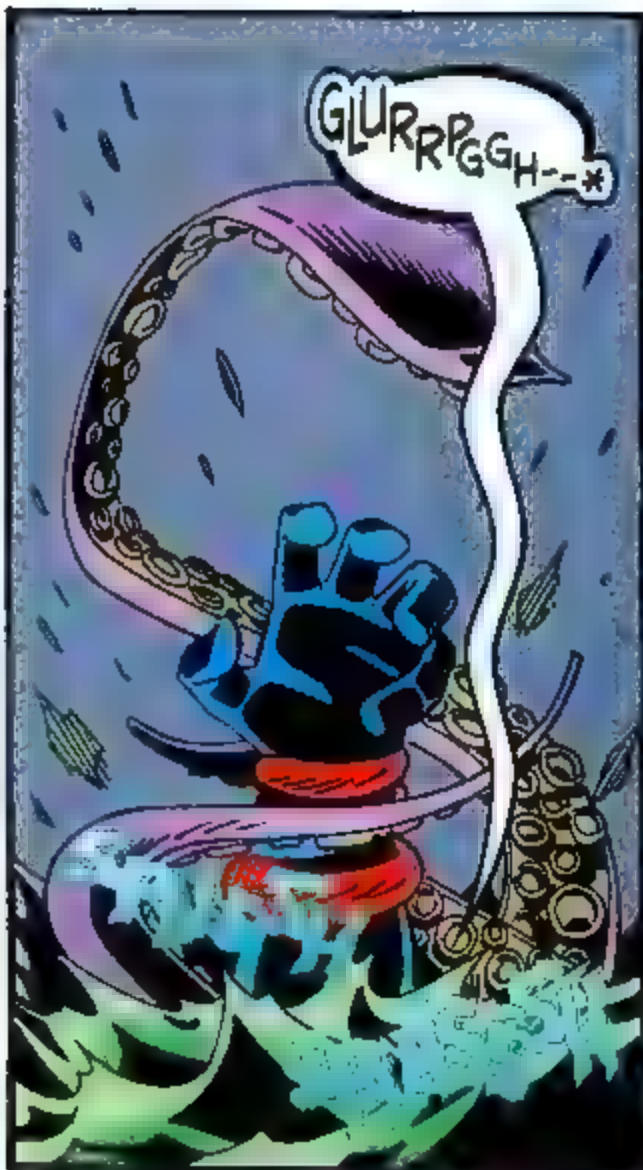


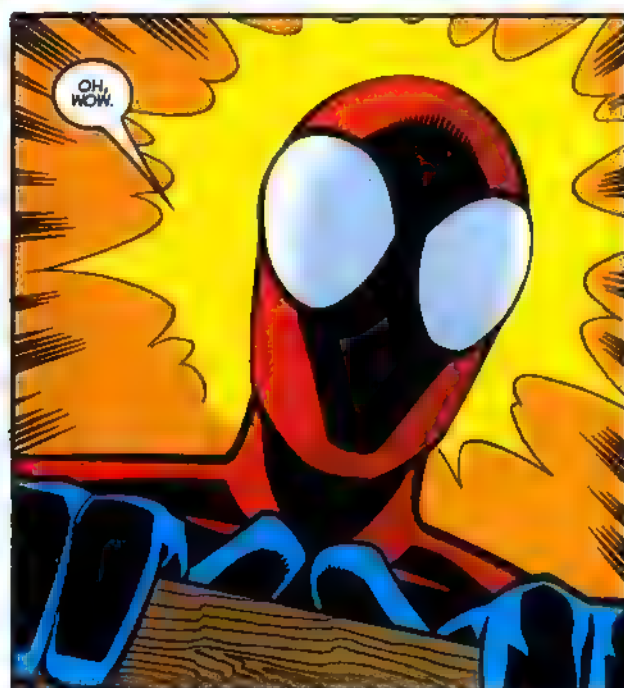
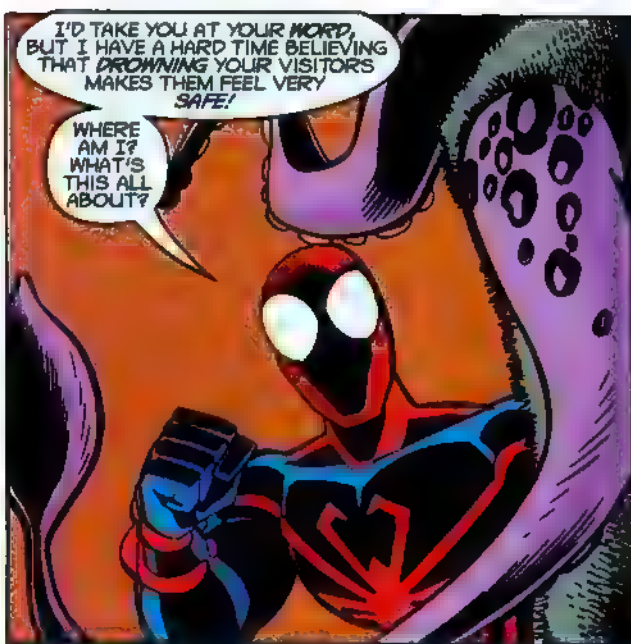
WHAT
TH--?!!

SPLASH

SPLASH

SPLASH





THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

I'D
WONDERED WHAT
LIFE WAS LIKE *OUTSIDE*
THE CITY, BUT I
NEVER EXPECTED
ANYTHING LIKE *THIS*
PLACE!

HUMANS
AND BEASTIALS
ARE WALKING SIDE
BY SIDE, WITHOUT
THE SLIGHTEST
ANIMOSITY--!

YOU
WILL FIND THERE IS NO
PLACE FOR BITTERNESS OR
RESENTMENT HERE, MY
FRIEND.

IT IS WHY
WE CALL OUR
HOME *HARMONY*.
WELCOME!



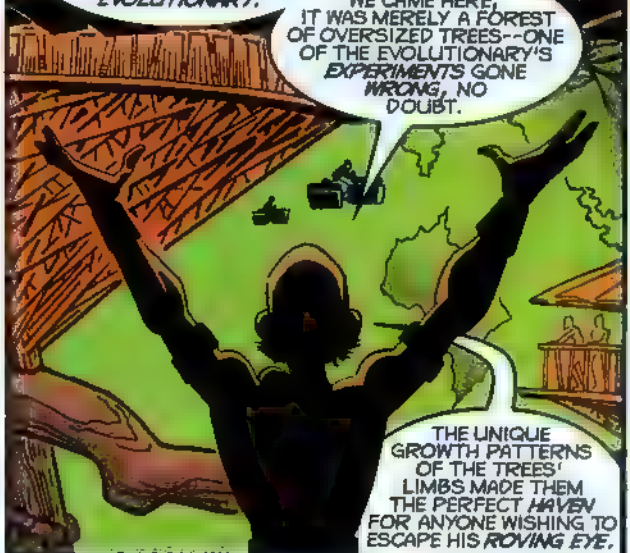
COLOR ME IMPRESSED.

WHO BUILT THIS PLACE, THOUGH? HOW DID YOU ALL COME TOGETHER?



HARMONY IS A HOME TO ANY SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY.

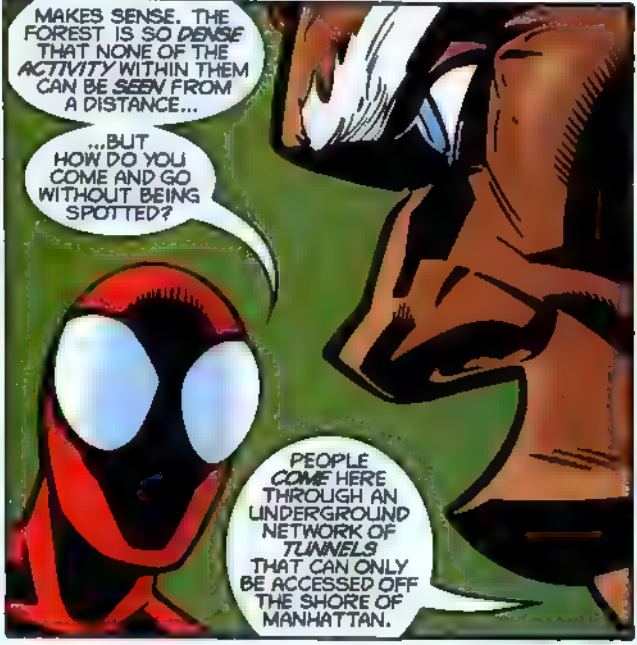
WHEN WE CAME HERE, IT WAS MERELY A FOREST OF OVERSIZED TREES--ONE OF THE EVOLUTIONARY'S EXPERIMENTS GONE WRONG, NO DOUBT.



THE UNIQUE GROWTH PATTERNS OF THE TREES' LIMBS MADE THEM THE PERFECT HAVEN FOR ANYONE WISHING TO ESCAPE HIS ROVING EYE.

MAKES SENSE. THE FOREST IS SO DENSE THAT NONE OF THE ACTIVITY WITHIN THEM CAN BE SEEN FROM A DISTANCE...

...BUT HOW DO YOU COME AND GO WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED?



PEOPLE COME HERE THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND NETWORK OF TUNNELS THAT CAN ONLY BE ACCESSED OFF THE SHORE OF MANHATTAN.

ONCE PEOPLE VENTURE HERE FROM THE TRADITIONAL CITIES, THOUGH, THEY RARELY LEAVE.

"TRADITIONAL" CITIES? THEN THERE ARE OTHER CITIES BESIDES MANHATTAN.

AND THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY CONTROLS THEM ALL?



OF COURSE. THERE IS A MAJOR CITY IN EACH OF THE VARIOUS TEST ZONES THE EVOLUTIONARY HAS CREATED.

YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT, THOUGH, DO YOU?

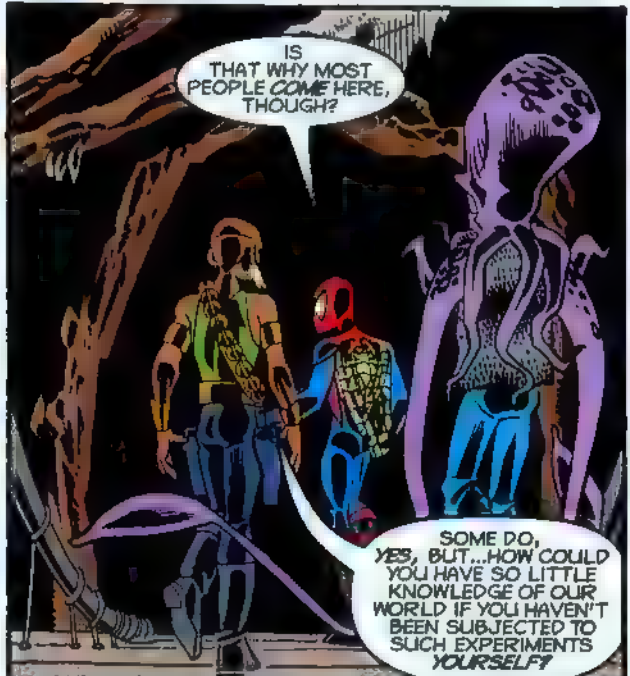
IT'S AS I SUSPECTED-- YOU YOURSELF HAVE UNDERGONE TORTURE IN ONE OF THE GUARANTINED AREAS IN THE WEST...



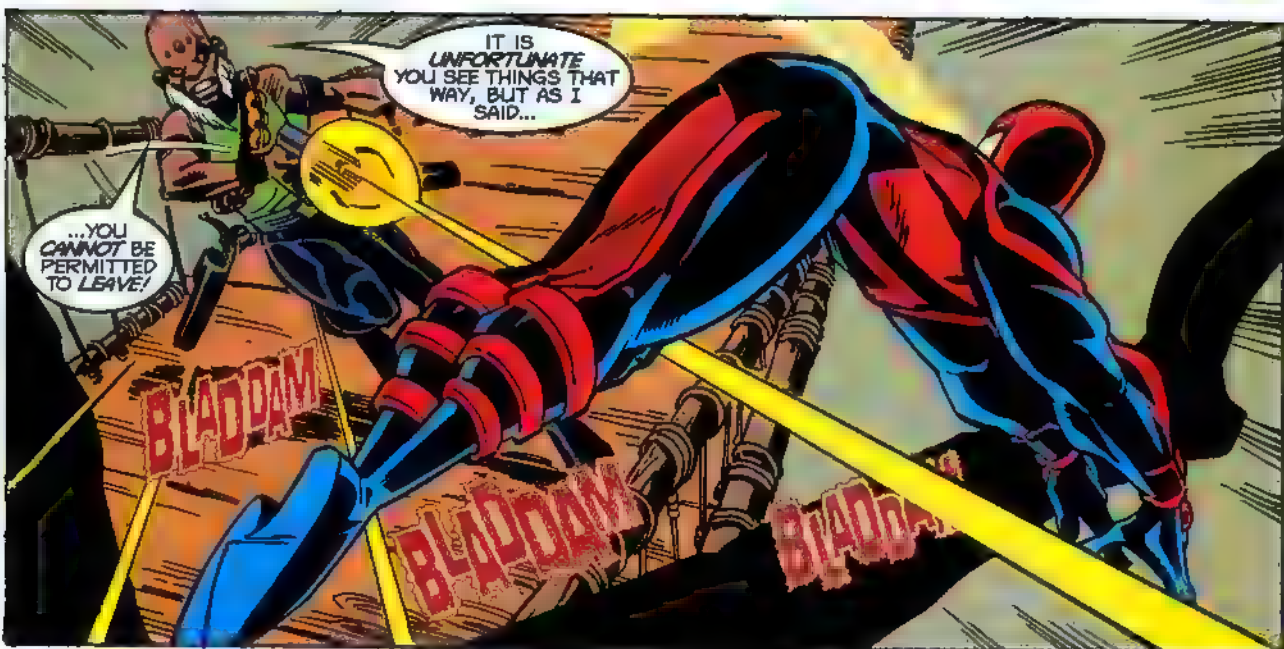
UH... NO.

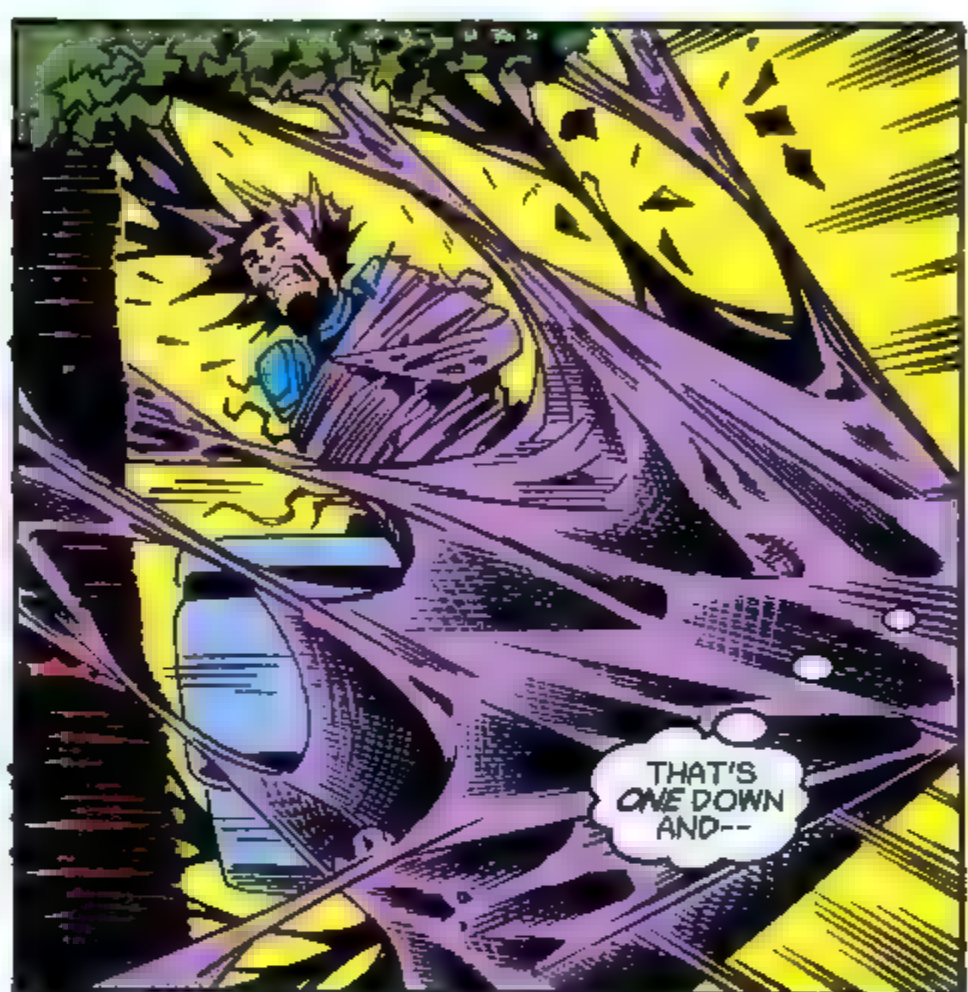
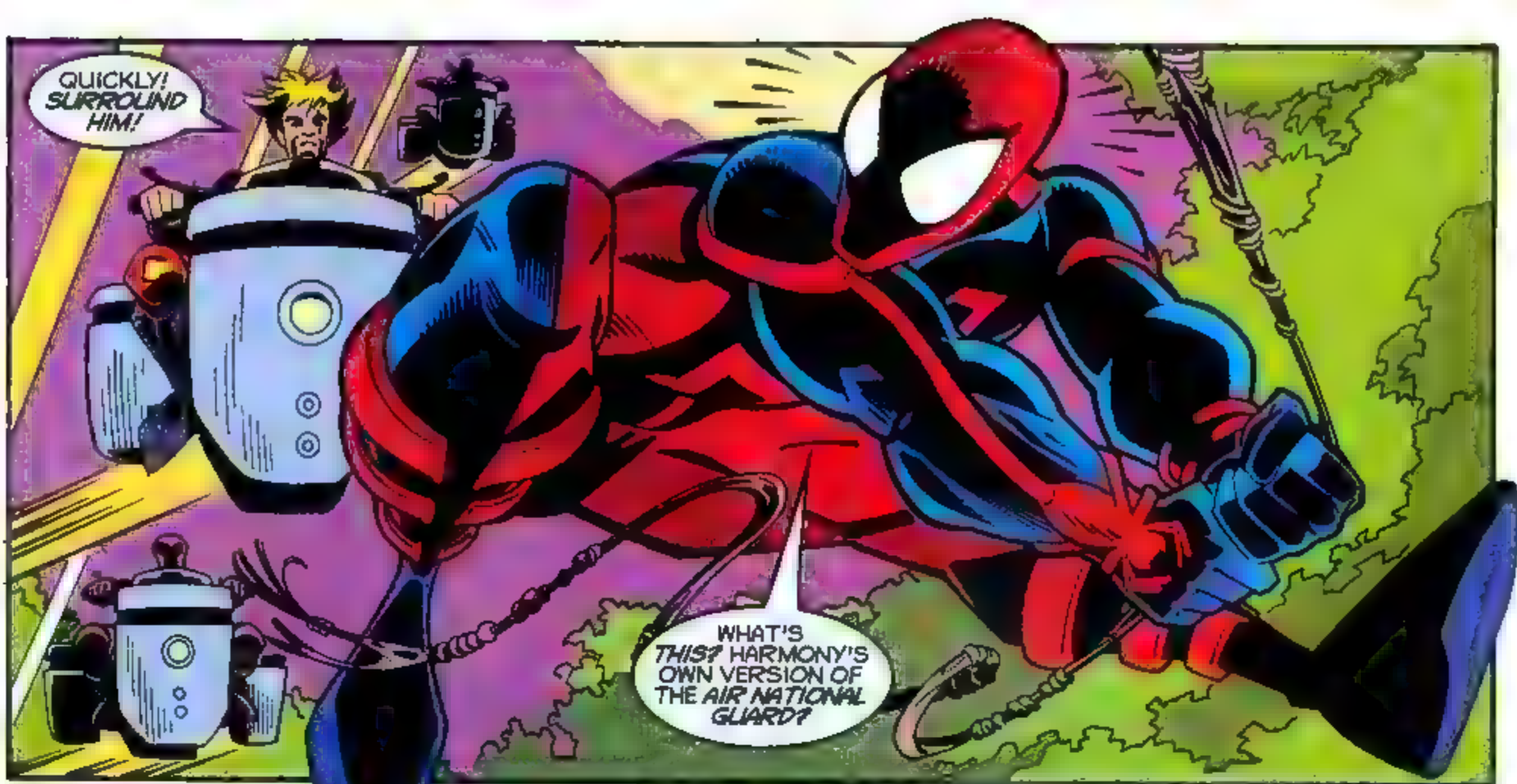
IS THAT WHY MOST PEOPLE COME HERE, THOUGH?

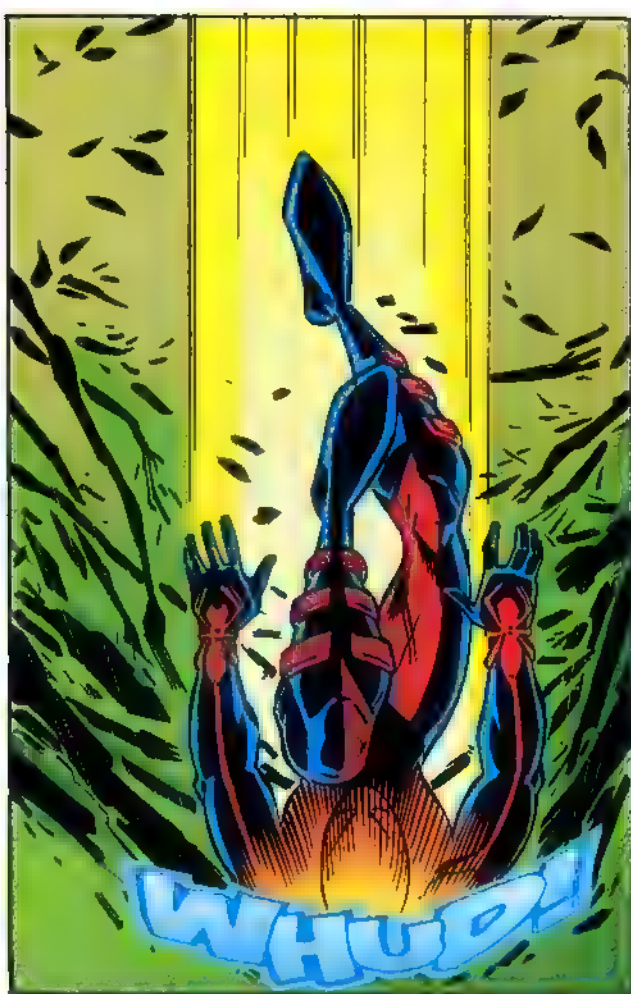
SOME DO, YES, BUT...HOW COULD YOU HAVE SO LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR WORLD IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SUBJECTED TO SUCH EXPERIMENTS YOURSELF?











One of the drawbacks of traveling life's byways without a map is that you're never quite sure how far you've deviated from your course.

WELL...
IT LOOKS
LIKE IT'S ALL
CLEAR.

FOR
NOW, AT
LEAST.

Even when you think you've found a *signpost* pointing to familiar surroundings...

>SIGH<
ASTRID, MY
DEAR, WHY IS IT YOU
ALWAYS TAKE ON THE
HARD-CASES?

COME
ON, **STRANGER**.
I DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU **ARE**, BUT IT'S
OBVIOUS YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO BE
SAFE IF YOU STAY
HERE.

BRIXTON
IS NOTORIOUSLY
RELENTLESS WHEN IT
COMES TO TRACKING DOWN
OUTSIDERS. THEY'LL
BE LOOKING FOR
YOU.

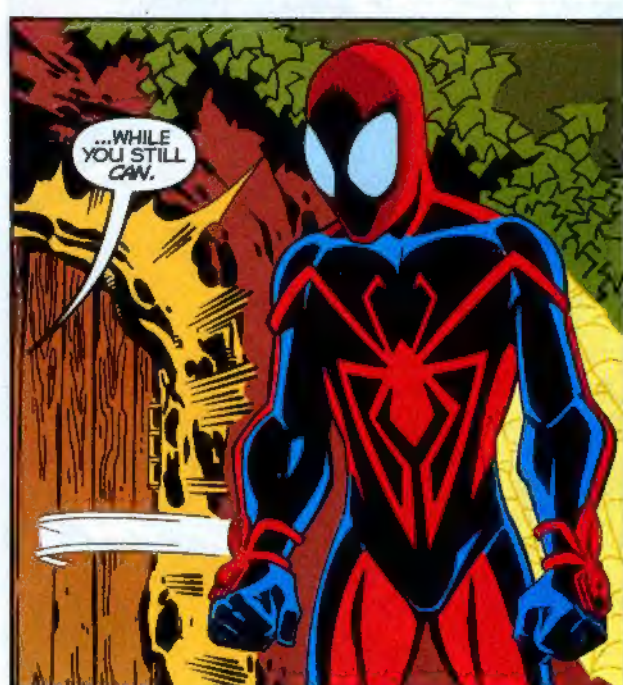
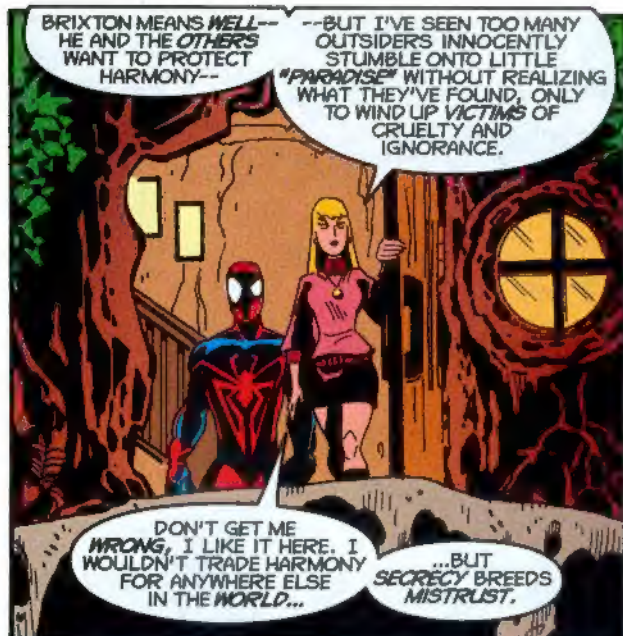
AND
SOMEHOW, YOU
DON'T LOOK LIKE THE
TYPE OF MAN WHO
WANTS TO BE **FOUND**.
NOT BY THEM,
ANYWAY.

FOLLOW
ME.

...you could very well
be more *lost* than you
expected.

OH MY---!
SHE LOOKS...
SOUNDS JUST
LIKE...

...Gwen...!





--IMPOSSIBLE THAT HE COULD'VE GONE FAR! THE FIRST THING WE'LL NEED TO DO IS INITIATE A CITY-WIDE SEARCH!

I WANT EVERY DWELLING CHECKED! AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO SAY IT, I SUSPECT ONE OF OUR OWN IS HARBORING THIS DANGEROUS FLUGITIVE!

NOW SPREAD OUT-- I WANT ALL OF HARMONY COVERED BY SUN-UP!



POOR BRIXTON. SUCH GOOD INTENTIONS, SUCH NOBLE PLANS--BUT ULTIMATELY ILL-EQUIPPED TO CARRY THEM OUT.

BY THE TIME HE'S REALIZED WHAT'S HAPPENED, IT WILL BE TOO LATE. THE MASKED STRANGER WILL BE LONG GONE...

...AND ME... I'LL STILL BE WONDERING WHY I FELT COMPELLED TO HELP HIM GO.

In the end, I suppose it doesn't matter
where you're going in life, or even
how you get there...

...but what you learn along the way.

Maybe that's why it seems like
I'm going in circles so often.

Like any traveler on life's road, I'm still
coming to grips with the strange and
wonderful things I encounter at each stop...

...and the more I try to figure
out what lies ahead...

...the less I'm certain how
much I really want to know.

Who knows?

Maybe I've just been
reading the signs wrong.

NEXT: **WOLVERINE** 'NUFF SAID.